

MARVEL

#11

SOULE • GARNEY • MILLA

# DAREDEVIL



WHEN MATT MURDOCK WAS A KID, HE LOST HIS SIGHT IN AN ACCIDENT INVOLVING A TRUCK CARRYING RADIOACTIVE CHEMICALS. THOUGH HE COULD NO LONGER SEE, THE CHEMICALS HEIGHTENED MURDOCK'S OTHER SENSES AND IMBUED HIM WITH AN AMAZING 360-RADAR SENSE. NOW MATT USES HIS ABILITIES TO FIGHT FOR HIS CITY. HE IS THE *MAN WITHOUT FEAR*. HE IS...

# DAREDEVIL

MATT MURDOCK BECAME A FAMOUS DEFENSE ATTORNEY BUT WAS EVENTUALLY FORCED TO PUBLICLY REVEAL HE WAS DAREDEVIL. HE HAS MYSTERIOUSLY FOUND A WAY TO KEEP HIS SECRET FROM THE WORLD AGAIN AND HAS NOW BECOME A PROSECUTOR FOR THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

AS DAREDEVIL, HE MENTORS A YOUNG VIGILANTE NAMED BLINDSPOT, A.K.A SAMUEL CHUNG. ONE NIGHT, BLINDSPOT RECEIVES A STRANGE INVITATION—AND UPON ARRIVING AT THE GIVEN LOCATION, DISCOVERS A HORRIFIC MURAL PAINTED IN HUMAN BLOOD...

## DARK ART PART II

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**BROOKLYN.**

WHERE  
YOU GOIN'?

WHY  
YOU RUNNIN',  
MAN?

WHAT  
YOU AFRAID  
OF?





THIS AIN'T PERSONAL, MAN. JUST ABOUT PROTECTING THE NEIGHBORHOOD. IF YOU REALLY GREW UP IN DITMAS, YOU GET IT.

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I'M NOT DANGEROUS! I GOT A LITTLE H.V.A.C. BUSINESS ON CORTELYOU-- WHAT THE HELL AM I GONNA DO TO ANYONE?

WE HEAR YOU GUYS GET **POWERS** WHEN YOU CHANGE. WE SEEN THE NEWS--PEOPLE WITH POWERS BURN THINGS DOWN EVERY OTHER DAY.

MAYBE THEY DON'T MEAN IT, BUT IT HAPPENS. WELL...

...IT AIN'T HAPPENIN' HERE.



POWERS? POWERS?



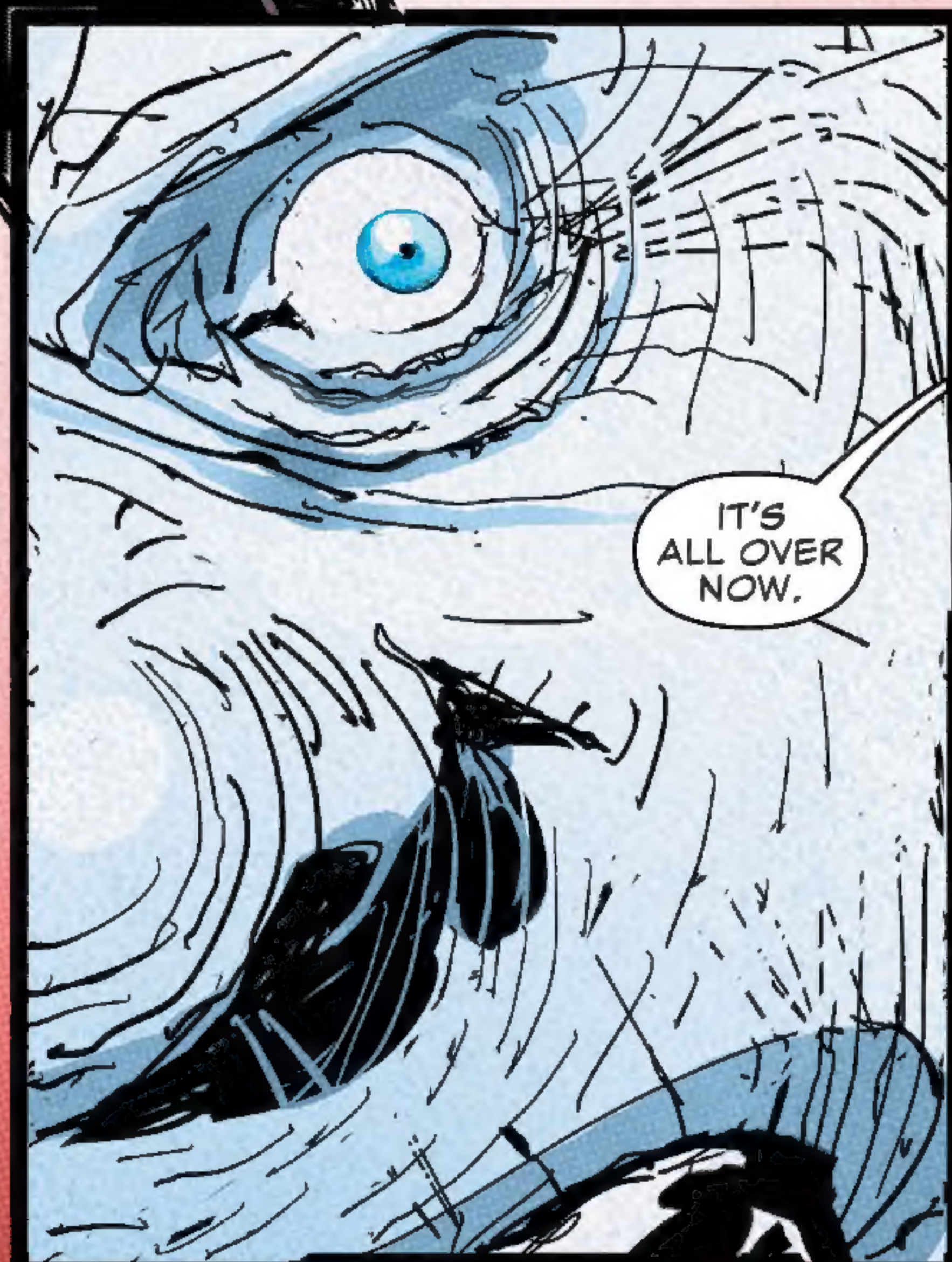
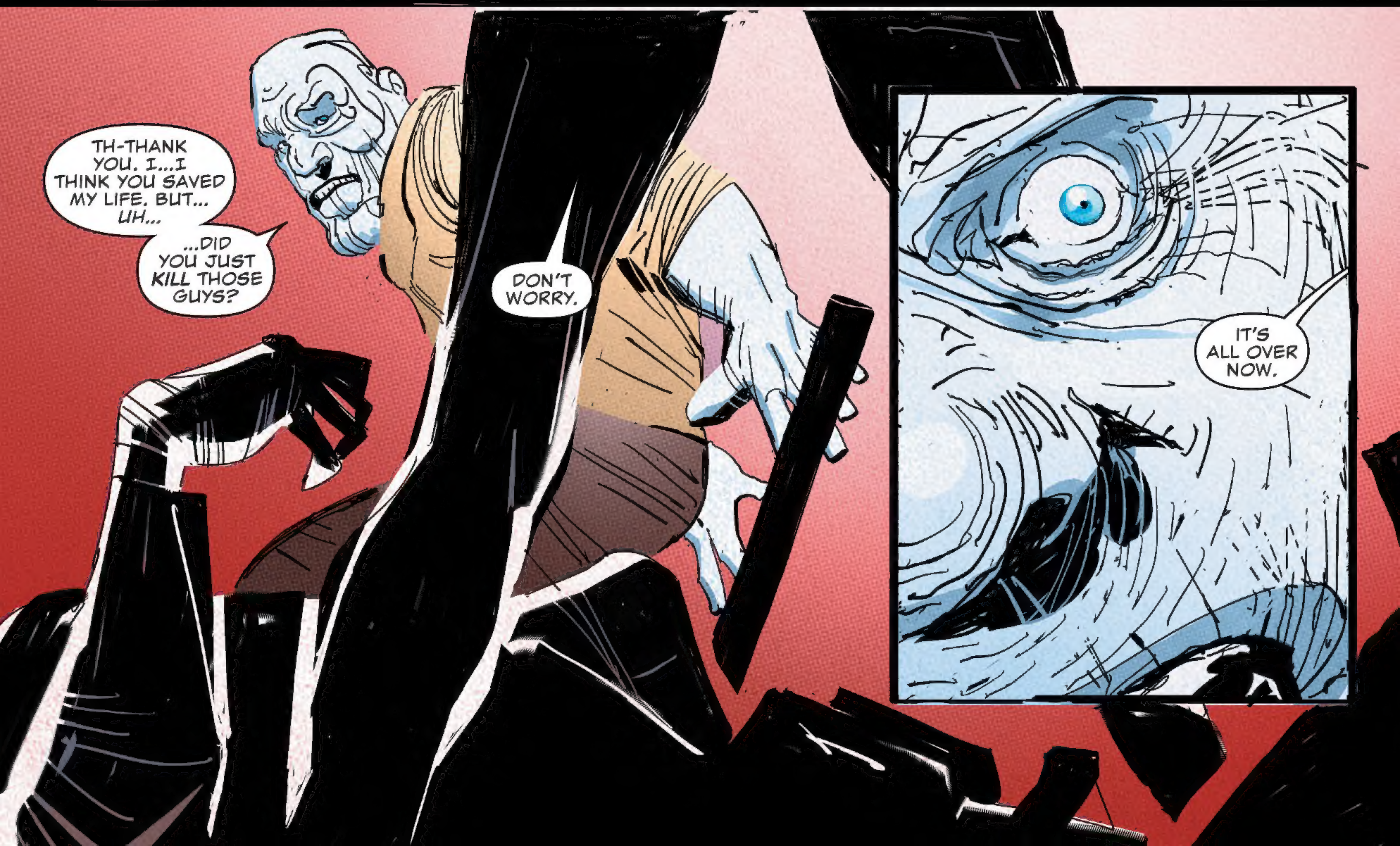
THIS IS WHAT I GOT. GLOW-IN-THE-DARK **SNOWFLAKES**. JUST LIGHT. NO DANGER TO ANYONE, UNLESS MAYBE YOU'RE TRYING TO GET SOME SLEEP.

SORRY, PAL. CAN'T TAKE THE CHANCE.



BEAUTIFUL.

WHO'S TH--



WASHINGTON HEIGHTS.

SO WHADDYA  
THINK, PROFESSOR--  
IS IT ART?

OF COURSE  
IT IS, MR. DURNIN.  
ART'S JUST CREATION  
WITH INTENT. THAT'S ALL  
YOU NEED--TO BE TRYING  
TO COMMUNICATE AN  
IDEA BY MAKING  
SOMETHING.

AND  
WHOEVER  
MADE *THIS*...HAD  
QUITE A BIT  
TO SAY.



CALL ME  
FREDDY. AND LOOK,  
I GET WHAT YOU'RE  
SAYING. BUT WHAT I WANT  
TO KNOW...THE WHOLE REASON  
I BROUGHT YOU UP HERE FROM  
PRATT, PROFESSOR  
GROVER...

I KNOW.  
IT'S ART. BUT IS IT  
GOOD ART?

MORE  
SPECIFICALLY...  
IS IT WORTH  
ANYTHING?

WELL, THE EXECUTION IS  
SOLID. WHOEVER DID THIS  
HAD SKILL.

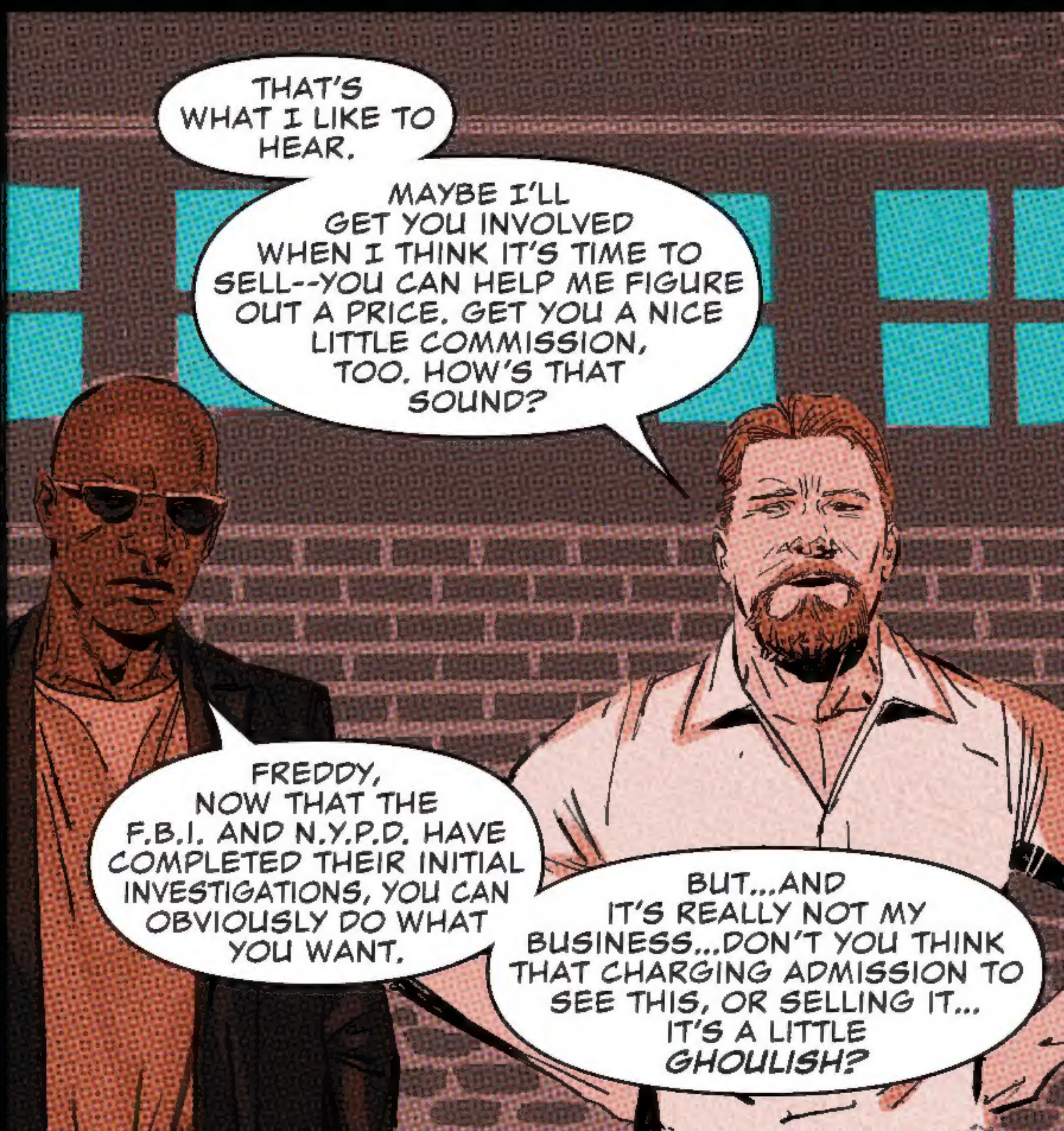
I DON'T  
KNOW IF IT'S GOING  
TO HANG IN THE MET ANY  
TIME SOON, BUT HERE'S  
THE THING--

ACCORDING TO  
THE POLICE REPORTS I'VE  
READ, THIS MURAL WAS PAINTED  
WITH THE BLOOD OF OVER A HUNDRED  
PEOPLE, ALL OF WHOM REMAIN MISSING.

THIS  
WORLD BEING THIS  
WORLD...

...I'M SURE  
YOU'LL HAVE NO  
PROBLEM FINDING  
A BUYER,  
FREDDY.





THAT'S WHAT I LIKE TO HEAR.

MAYBE I'LL GET YOU INVOLVED WHEN I THINK IT'S TIME TO SELL--YOU CAN HELP ME FIGURE OUT A PRICE. GET YOU A NICE LITTLE COMMISSION, TOO. HOW'S THAT SOUND?

FREDDY, NOW THAT THE F.B.I. AND N.Y.P.D. HAVE COMPLETED THEIR INITIAL INVESTIGATIONS, YOU CAN OBVIOUSLY DO WHAT YOU WANT.

BUT...AND IT'S REALLY NOT MY BUSINESS...DON'T YOU THINK THAT CHARGING ADMISSION TO SEE THIS, OR SELLING IT... IT'S A LITTLE GHOULISH?



I MEAN, PEOPLE MAY HAVE DIED IN THE CREATION OF THIS WORK. POSSIBLY MORE THAN 112 PEOPLE.



WELL... THAT AIN'T MY FAULT, IS IT?



HEY, DAD, SORRY TO INTERRUPT.

NO PROBLEM, PATRICK. THE PROFESSOR HERE WAS JUST GIVING ME SOME GOOD NEWS. WE'RE GONNA DO ALL RIGHT OUT OF THIS THING, SOUNDS LIKE.

OKAY, GREAT--BUT SOMETHING'S HAPPENING OUTSIDE.

YEAH--A LINE AROUND THE BLOCK AT TEN BUCKS A POP, LAST TIME I CHECKED!



NAH, NOT THAT. THERE'S SOME LADY MAKING A LOT OF NOISE OUT THERE--AND SHE BROUGHT THE COPS.

AH, WHATEVER. I CHECKED WITH MY LAWYER. THIS IS PRIVATE PROPERTY. I CAN DO WHAT I WANT. COPS CAN'T DO A DAMN THING.



LET HER IN. LONG AS SHE PAYS HER TEN BUCKS, WHAT DO I CARE WHAT SHE THINKS?



HOW DARE YOU.



HOW DARE I WHAT? AND WHO THE HELL ARE YOU, LADY?

THIS IS ANDREA PEARSON, SIR. SHE'S A CITY COUNCILWOMAN, SO MAYBE DIAL UP THE RESPECT A LITTLE.



SPEAKER OF THE COUNCIL, IN FACT. THE ONLY PERSON I ANSWER TO IS THE MAYOR. IF HE ASKS NICELY.

AND THIS WHOLE PLAN OF YOURS, MR. FREDERICK DURNIN, IS AN ABSOLUTE DISGRACE. I WILL NOT ALLOW IT TO PROCEED.



HA! YOU CAN'T DO NOTHIN'! I DON'T CARE WHO YOU ARE. THIS IS AMERICA, THIS IS NEW YORK CITY, THIS IS MY PROPERTY AND I KNOW MY RIGHTS.

WHY THE HELL DO YOU CARE, ANYWAY? THIS AIN'T NONE O' YOUR BUSINESS! YOU DON'T WANT TO SEE THE PAINTING, JUST DON'T LOOK!

CALM DOWN AND STEP BACK, SIR. NOW.

I'LL TELL YOU WHY I CARE. DNA RESULTS ARE STARTING TO COME BACK FROM THIS...OBSCENITY. SOME OF THE BLOOD YOU ARE SO EAGER TO PROFIT FROM...



...BELONGS TO MY NIECE.

ON BEHALF OF THAT YOUNG WOMAN, HER FAMILY, ME, AND THE OVER ONE HUNDRED OTHER FAMILIES WHO ARE STEEPED IN UNCERTAINTY AND GRIEF OVER THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THEIR LOVED ONES...

...I WOULD CONSIDER IT A GREAT PERSONAL FAVOR IF YOU WOULD REFRAIN FROM OPENING THIS SITE TO THE PUBLIC.

WHY SHOULD I? MY FRIEND PROFESSOR CASSIUS GROVER HERE, OF PRATT UNIVERSITY, TELLS ME THIS THING'S WORTH A LOT OF MONEY. YOU TELLIN' ME JUST TO WALK AWAY FROM THAT?

AH, MA'AM, PLEASE BELIEVE ME THAT I SAID NO SUCH THING. I AM HERE IN A PROFESSIONAL CAPACITY ONLY. I WOULD NEVER TRY TO PROFIT FROM SUCH A TERRIBLE SITUATION.

UH-HUH.

I CAME HERE TO APPEAL TO YOUR HUMANITY, MR. DURNIN. HOWEVER, IT APPEARS THAT APPROACH WOULD REQUIRE YOU TO BE HUMAN.

SO, LET ME TRY ANOTHER ANGLE. I AM AN EXTREMELY POWERFUL WOMAN. TEST THAT POWER, AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS.

SORRY, LADY. WHAT YOU GONNA DO?

LOWER MANHATTAN.

I know the Hawk had a tuna salad sandwich for lunch.

I know his cup of coffee is mostly untouched, and it's gone cold.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY  
NEW YORK COUNTY



I know how many pieces of paper he's got on his desk.

IT'S MATT MURDOCK, SIR.

RAP

I know that under his desk, he has his shoes off.



COME ON IN.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY  
NEW YORK COUNTY

My enhanced senses tell me all of that, and more. They tell me a lot about what someone's *done*. Where they've *been*. What they're *feeling*.

But about the *future*? About what they're going to do?

For instance, why my boss, Benjamin Hochberg, a.k.a. the Hawk, a.k.a. the Manhattan D.A., called me up to his office?

Not so much. But best guess...

HAVE A SEAT, MATT.



...I think I'm about to be fired.



INTERESTING  
NEWS FROM  
NIGHT COURT, MR.  
MURDOCK.

Crap. I blew off an ECAB late  
shift a few weeks back because  
I got a call from Blindspot about  
the blood mural in the Bronx.

And Daredevil's been so busy  
trying to find the monster  
who painted it that I've been  
neglecting my caseload here.

I DON'T REALLY  
CARE HOW YOU MANAGE  
YOUR SHIFTS, MATT, AS LONG  
AS THE WORK GETS DONE.  
EVERYONE ENGAGES IN A  
LITTLE HORSE TRADING  
NOW AND THEN.

BUT IT SOUNDS  
LIKE YOU JUST WALKED  
OFF THE JOB AND LEFT YOUR  
CASES IN THE HANDS OF  
YOUR FELLOW A.D.A.S,  
WITH NO NOTICE.

DIDN'T WIN  
YOU ANY FRIENDS  
AROUND HERE. AND,  
SON, TAKE IT FROM  
ME--YOU COULD  
USE A FEW.

He's *definitely* going  
to fire me. I can't let  
that happen. Not yet.  
I've barely *started*.

I APOLOGIZE, MR. HOCHBERG. PLEASE, IF THERE'S  
ANYTHING I CAN DO TO SHOW YOU MY  
COMMITMENT TO THIS OFFICE...

FUNNY  
YOU SHOULD  
MENTION. I HAVE  
AN ASSIGNMENT  
FOR YOU.

ANDREA  
PEARSON ASKED  
ME TO SEE IF THIS  
OFFICE MIGHT BE  
ABLE TO SHUT DOWN A  
CERTAIN SIDESHOW  
HAPPENING UP  
IN WASHINGTON  
HEIGHTS.

APPARENTLY,  
HER NIECE IS AMONG  
THE, AH, *DONORS* TO  
THE BLOOD MURAL, AND  
THE IDEA THAT THE WORK IS  
ON DISPLAY, FOR *MONEY*...  
SHE FINDS IT TO BE IN  
POOR TASTE.  
AS DO I.

CONSIDER THIS A  
PRIORITY. THE WHEELS  
OF JUSTICE HAVE BEEN  
GREASED. YOU'LL BE BEFORE  
A JUDGE AS SOON AS  
YOU HAVE A CASE TO  
PRESENT.

YOU ARE  
SUPPOSEDLY ONE  
OF THE BEST ATTORNEYS  
OF YOUR GENERATION,  
MATT. PLEASE...DO US  
BOTH A FAVOR.

PROVE  
IT.

# THE WEST VILLAGE.

LATER.

Foggy Nelson.  
My oldest friend.

SO...TALK TO  
KIRSTEN MCDUFFIE  
RECENTLY?

The only man in the  
world who knows all my  
secrets--which is why  
we've barely spoken in  
the last few months.

YOU KNOW I  
HAVEN'T, FOGGY.  
IT WOULDN'T BE FAIR  
TO HER. A CLEAN BREAK  
WAS THE BEST WAY  
TO GO.

FUNNY.  
BECAUSE I'VE  
TALKED TO HER,  
AND SHE SEEMED TO  
DISAGREE PRETTY  
FERVENTLY.

SHE...  
MISSES  
ME?

Foggy and I aren't like  
we were. We may never  
be again. We get  
together every once in  
a while, but it's always  
tense. Awful.

I'm not even sure why  
we bother. These little coffee  
meet-ups we've been doing--  
they don't fix anything.

NO. OR SHE  
SAID SHE DIDN'T.  
SHE'S JUST PISSED  
THAT YOU LEFT IT  
THE WAY YOU  
DID.

MAYBE  
SHE AND I  
CAN START  
A CLUB.

But he's my  
oldest friend.

MILLE FAMILIES

ALL RIGHT,  
MATT, YOU PROMISED ME  
SOME D.A. OFFICE GOSSIP.  
COUGH IT UP. THIS BETTER HAVE  
NOTHING TO DO WITH THE  
OTHER GUY.

IT  
DOESN'T.

Of course it does. Daredevil's  
been out every night for *weeks*  
trying to find the guy behind that  
obscenity uptown. Blindspot  
too. So far...*nothing*.

Even worse...bad guys like this...  
they don't usually stop at *one*.  
And if I can't find him soon...

YOU KNOW  
THAT THING IN  
WASHINGTON HEIGHTS?  
THE BLOOD  
PAINTING?

YES, MATT.  
YOU MAY NOT HAVE  
NOTICED, BEING BLIND  
AND ALL, BUT THE BULLETIN  
AND EVERY OTHER RAG IN  
TOWN HAS BEEN GOING  
NUTS WITH THE  
HEADLINES.

THEY'RE  
CALLING THIS  
GUY VINCENT  
VAN GORE.

HILARIOUS. LOOK--IT TURNS OUT SOME OF THE BLOOD ON THAT WALL COMES FROM A FAMILY MEMBER OF A SERIOUS CITY POLITICIAN.

THIS PERSON LEANED ON THE D.A.'S OFFICE TO OPEN A CASE AGAINST ONE FREDDY DURNIN-- THE GUY WHO OWNS THE WAREHOUSE WHERE THE PAINTING POPPED UP.

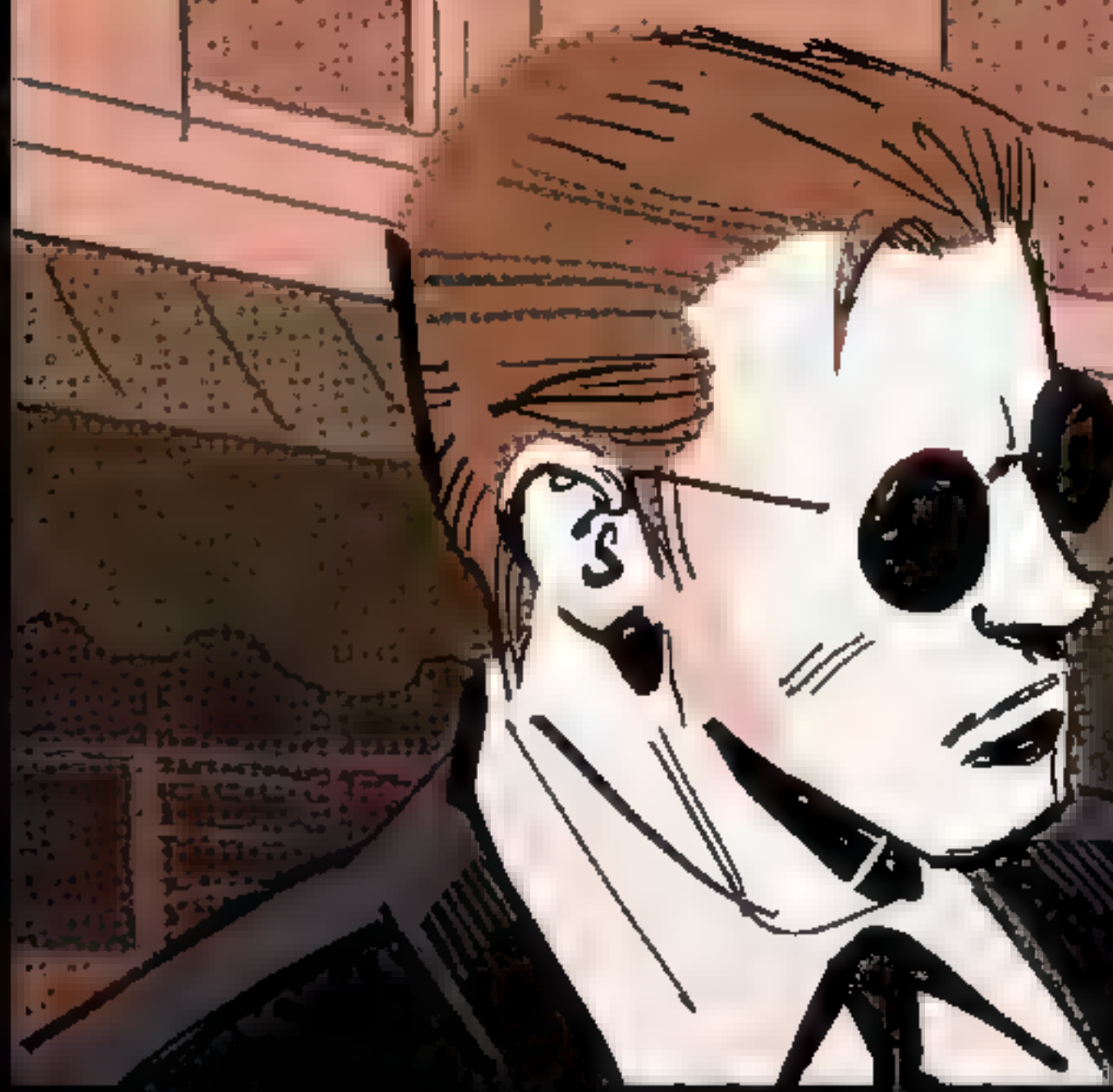


RIGHT. HE'S CHARGING PEOPLE ADMISSION TO GAWK AT THE THING. CHARMING. AND, INCIDENTALLY, ABOUT THE MOST NEW YORK THING I'VE EVER HEARD.

NOT FOR LONG. THAT'S THE JOB. I'M SUPPOSED TO FIGURE OUT A WAY TO SHUT IT DOWN.

SO? I CAN THINK OF ABOUT SIX WAYS TO DO IT RIGHT NOW. PUBLIC NUISANCE, GO AFTER HIS PERMITTING, MAYBE GET THE COPS TO RE-OPEN THE CRIME SCENE...

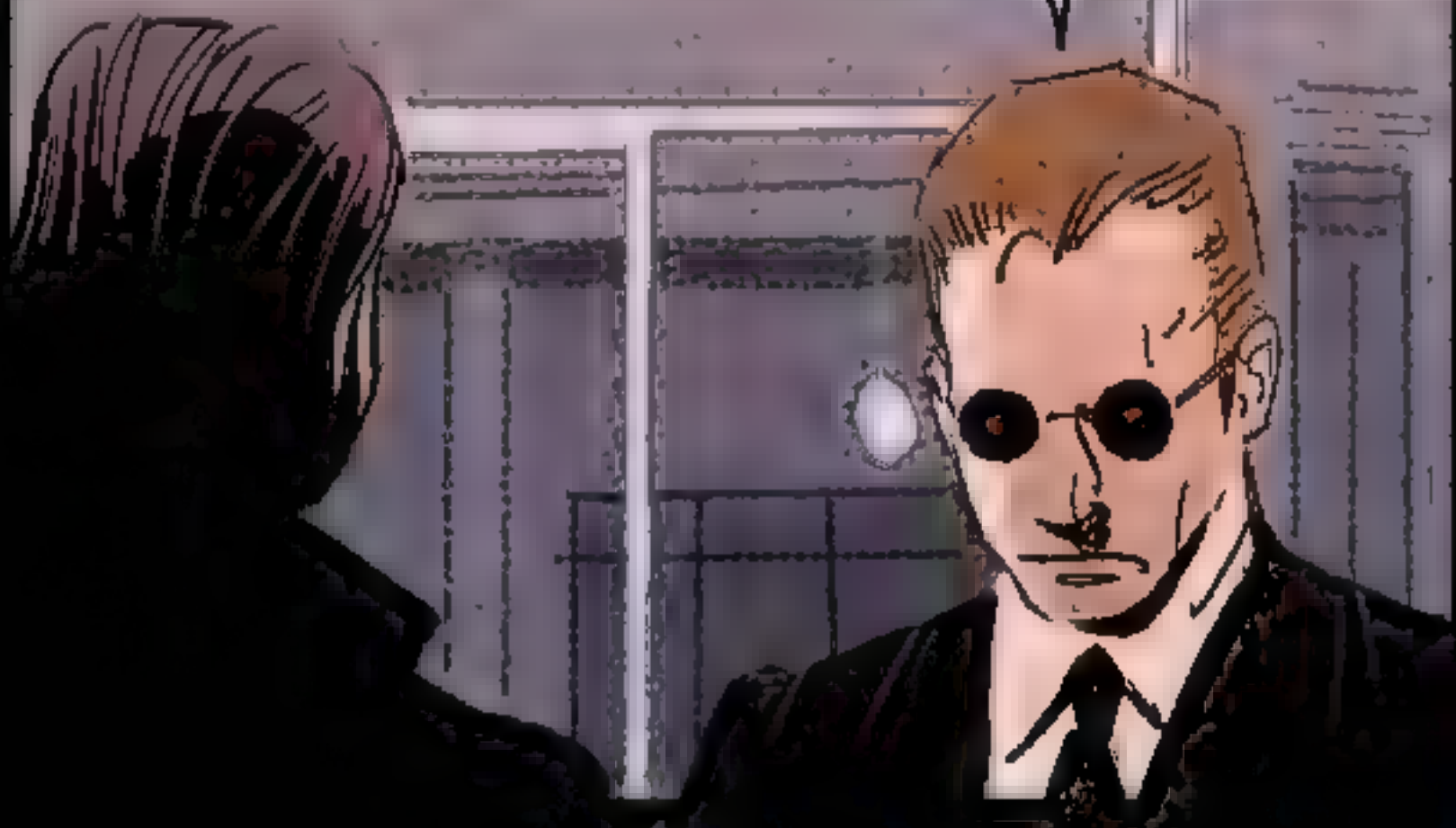
OBTAINING. THAT'S NOT WHY I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU.



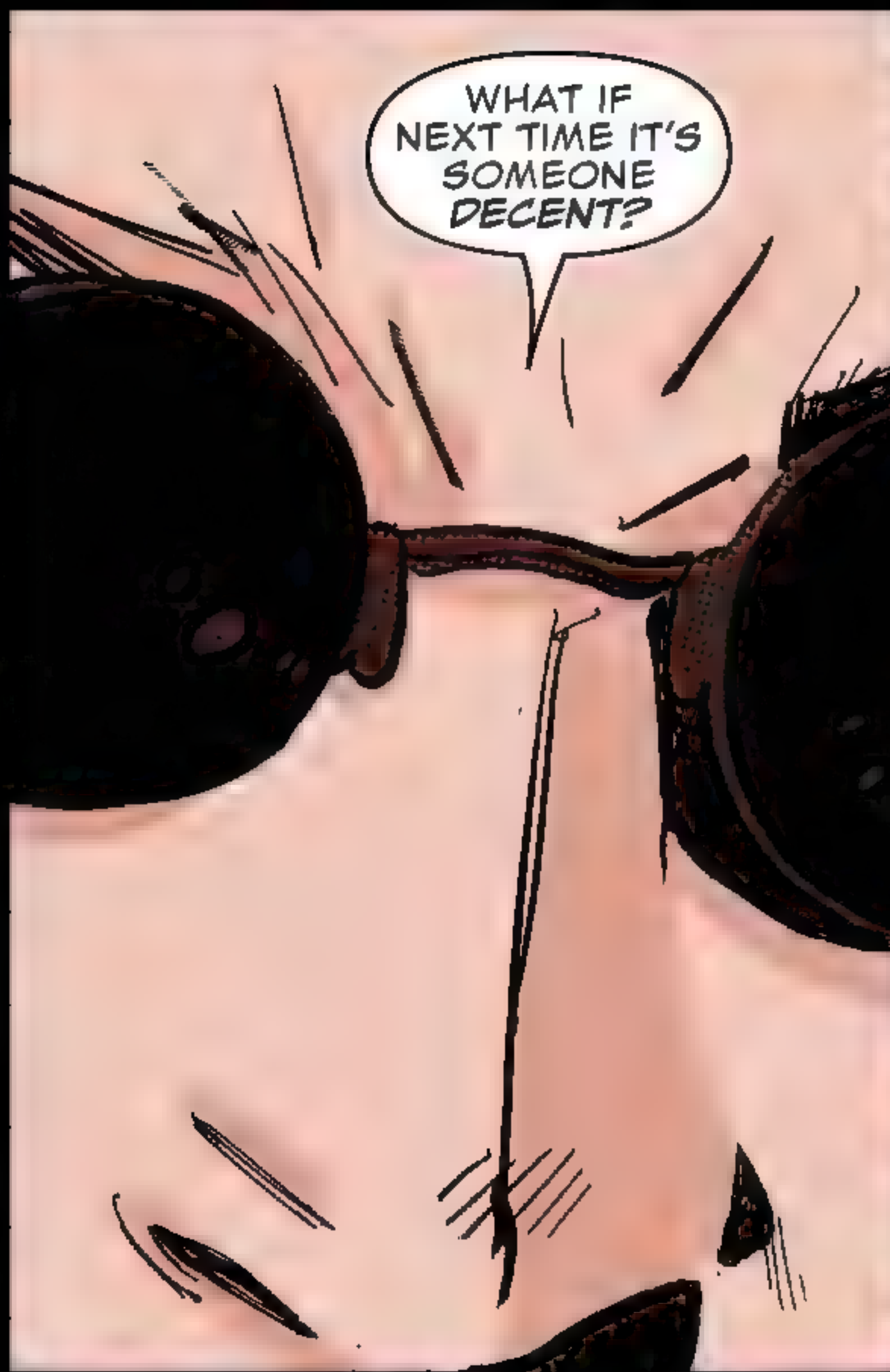
IT'S HOW IT FEELS. THE D.A.'S OFFICE IS SUPPOSED TO BE ABOUT JUSTICE, FULL STOP. NOT SHUTTING DOWN SOME GUY'S BUSINESS BECAUSE IT GETS ON CITY HALL'S NERVES.

WHAT...ARE YOU CONFLICTED ABOUT THIS? FREDDY DURNIN SOUNDS LIKE A GRADE-A SCUMBAG.

WELL... THIS TIME IT'S A SCUMBAG.

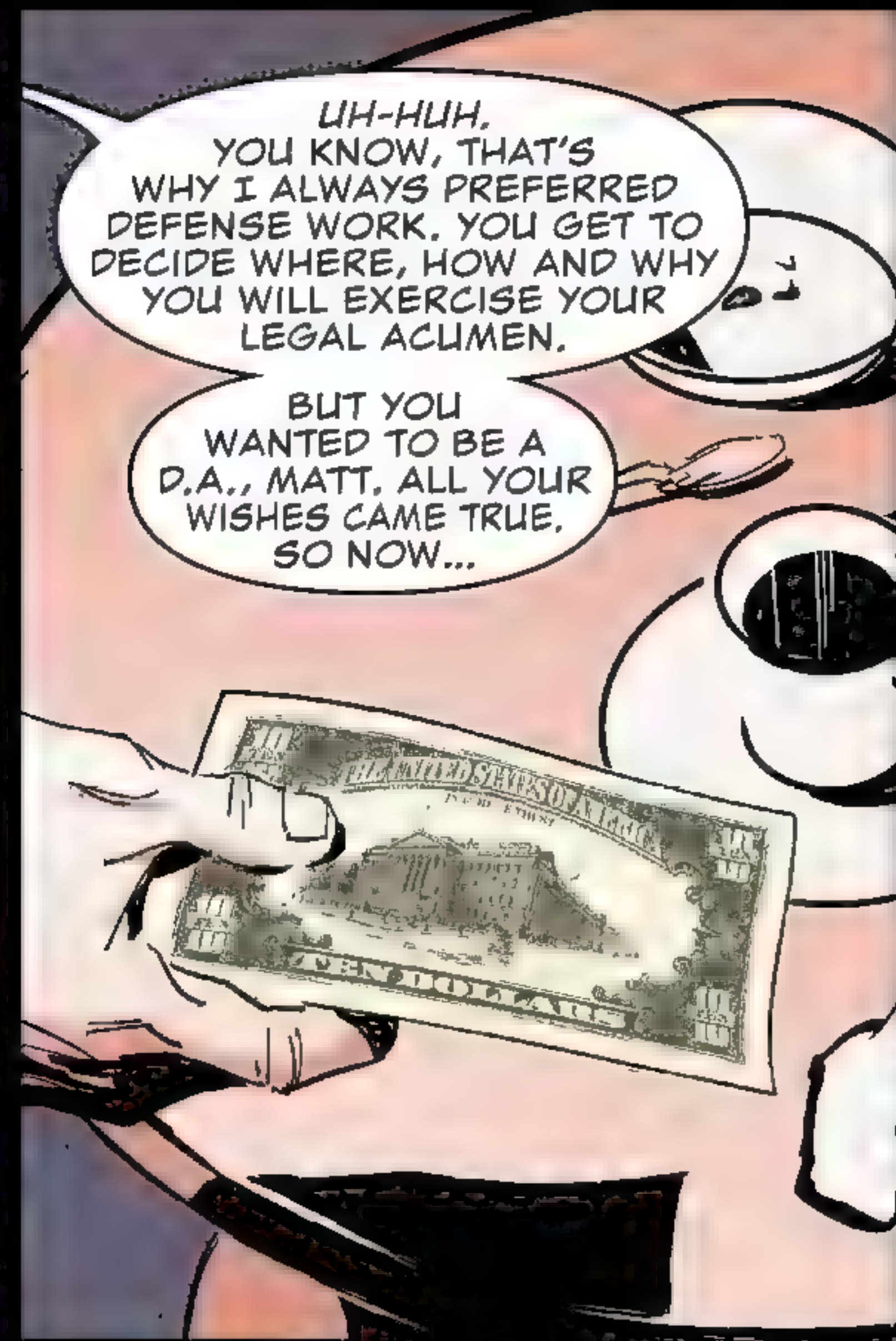


WHAT IF NEXT TIME IT'S SOMEONE DECENT?



UH-HUH. YOU KNOW, THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS PREFERRED DEFENSE WORK. YOU GET TO DECIDE WHERE, HOW AND WHY YOU WILL EXERCISE YOUR LEGAL ACUMEN.

BUT YOU WANTED TO BE A D.A., MATT. ALL YOUR WISHES CAME TRUE. SO NOW...



...YOU DO WHAT THEY TELL YOU TO DO.



WASHINGTON HEIGHTS.

8:45 PM.

WOULD YOU LOOK AT THIS? GUY'S GOTTA BE RAKIN' IT IN.

YOU SURPRISED?

NOT REALLY.

DURNIN GALLERY

ADMISSION \$2.00

THANKS FOR COMING OUT, EVERYONE. ONLY RULE IS NO FLASH PHOTOGRAPHY-- DAMAGES THE ARTWORK.

JUST SIT TIGHT--GIVE US, LIKE, FIFTEEN MINUTES AND WE'LL START LETTING PEOPLE IN.

I'M AFRAID THAT WON'T BE HAPPENING, SIR.

UH... DAD? YOU MIGHT WANT TO GET OVER HERE.

YOU GUYS AGAIN. YOU REALLY AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' BETTER TO DO THAN HARASS AN HONEST BUSINESSMAN?

WRITE SOME BOGUS PARKING TICKETS OR SOMETHING!

SIR, I AM SORRY TO INFORM YOU THAT YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO OPEN UP TONIGHT.

WHY THE HELL NOT?



COURT ORDER.

PRELIMINARY INJUNCTION? WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?

IT MEANS THAT BY LAW, YOU ARE PREVENTED FROM OPERATING THIS ESTABLISHMENT AS AN ART GALLERY UNTIL SUCH TIME AS A COURT MAKES A FINAL RULING ON THE LEGALITY OF WHAT YOU'RE DOING HERE.



OH...SON OF A...IT'S THAT LADY, ISN'T IT? MISS "I'M SO POWERFUL," SICCED THE D.A.'S OFFICE ON ME. MATT MURDOCK... WHOEVER THE HELL THAT IS.



SORRY, FOLKS! LOOKS LIKE THE CITY THINKS YOU'RE ALL A BUNCH OF BABIES WHO DON'T DESERVE TO SEE AN IMPORTANT WORK OF ART.

SIR, LET'S JUST TAKE IT DOWN A NOTCH...



NOW YOU'RE GONNA STEP ON MY FREEDOM OF SPEECH, TOO?

WHAT'RE YOUR NAMES--MENENDEZ AND SCOTT? I'M GONNA REMEMBER THAT. I GOT A REAL GOOD MEMORY, MAYBE I'LL SUE YOU GUYS, TOO. WHY NOT? THIS IS AMERICA.

ANYBODY CAN SUE ANYBODY.

MR. DURNIN, WE HAVE TO ENFORCE THIS INJUNCTION. YOU CAN'T LET THESE PEOPLE IN.

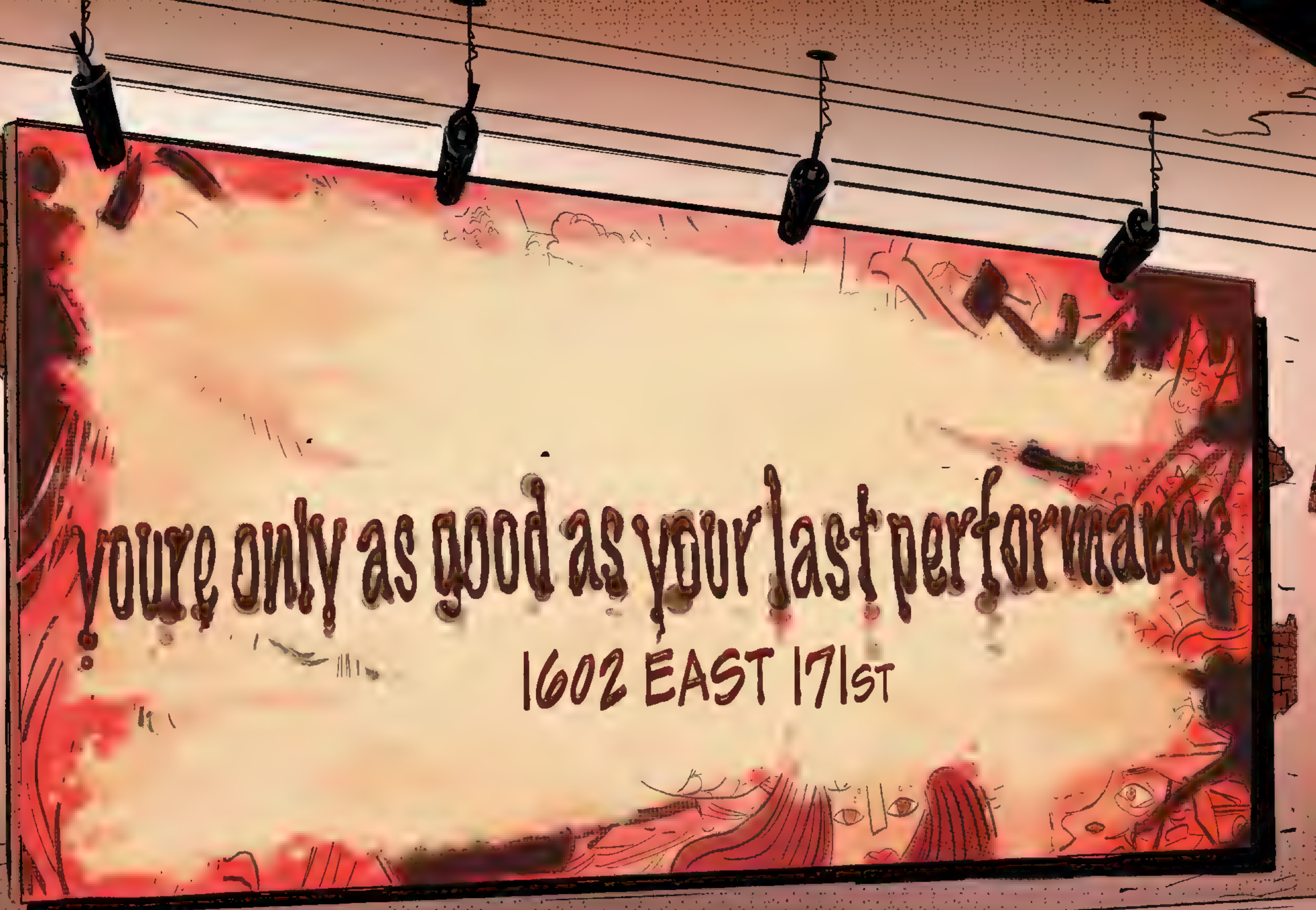


I AIN'T LETTIN' ANYONE IN--BUT THIS IS MY PLACE. YOU GONNA TELL ME I CAN'T GO INTO MY OWN PLACE?

DON'T THINK SO--



AWW, CRUD.





THANK YOU FOR COMING ALL THE WAY UP HERE WITH ME, SAM.

OF COURSE, MR. MURDOCK. I DON'T KNOW WHAT I CAN DO, BUT--

**THE BRONX.**  
1602 EAST 171ST.



I NEED YOU TO BE MY EYES, SO I CAN DESCRIBE WHATEVER'S IN HERE TO OUR ACROBATIC MUTUAL FRIEND.

DAREDEVIL'S WORKING ON THIS?

OF COURSE HE IS. HE'S ALWAYS WORKING.



HOW DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THIS? IS THE D.A.'S OFFICE WORKING ON THE VAN GORE CASE?

OUR OFFICE WORKS HAND-IN-HAND WITH THE N.Y.P.D.--WE'RE ALL ON THE SAME TEAM.

SOMETIMES THEY GIVE US SNEAK PEEKS AT THINGS LIKE THIS.



THANKS AGAIN FOR THE HEADS-UP ON THIS, OFFICER SCOTT.

OF COURSE, MR. MURDOCK. WHO'S YOUR COLLEAGUE?

HEY.

SAMUEL CHUNG. HE WORKS IN MY OFFICE. I'LL NEED HIM FOR INITIAL IMPRESSIONS. HOPE YOU DON'T MIND.



WHAT IS IT THIS TIME? ANOTHER PAINTING?

NO. YOU'LL...YOU'LL SEE.



Ah...no. No.



OH MY GOD.

TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE, SAM.



A LOT OF PEOPLE...THEY ALL LOOK DEAD, AND STRANGE, LIKE... DIFFERENT, LIKE... ALIENS, OR SOMETHING.

ALL THE SAME?

NO. ALL DIFFERENT, AND THEY'RE POSED DOING... REGULAR THINGS. THERE'S A GUY ON A TOILET. ANOTHER ONE'S IRONING.



OFFICER SCOTT, DOES N.Y.P.D. HAVE A LIAISON WITH NEW ATILAN?

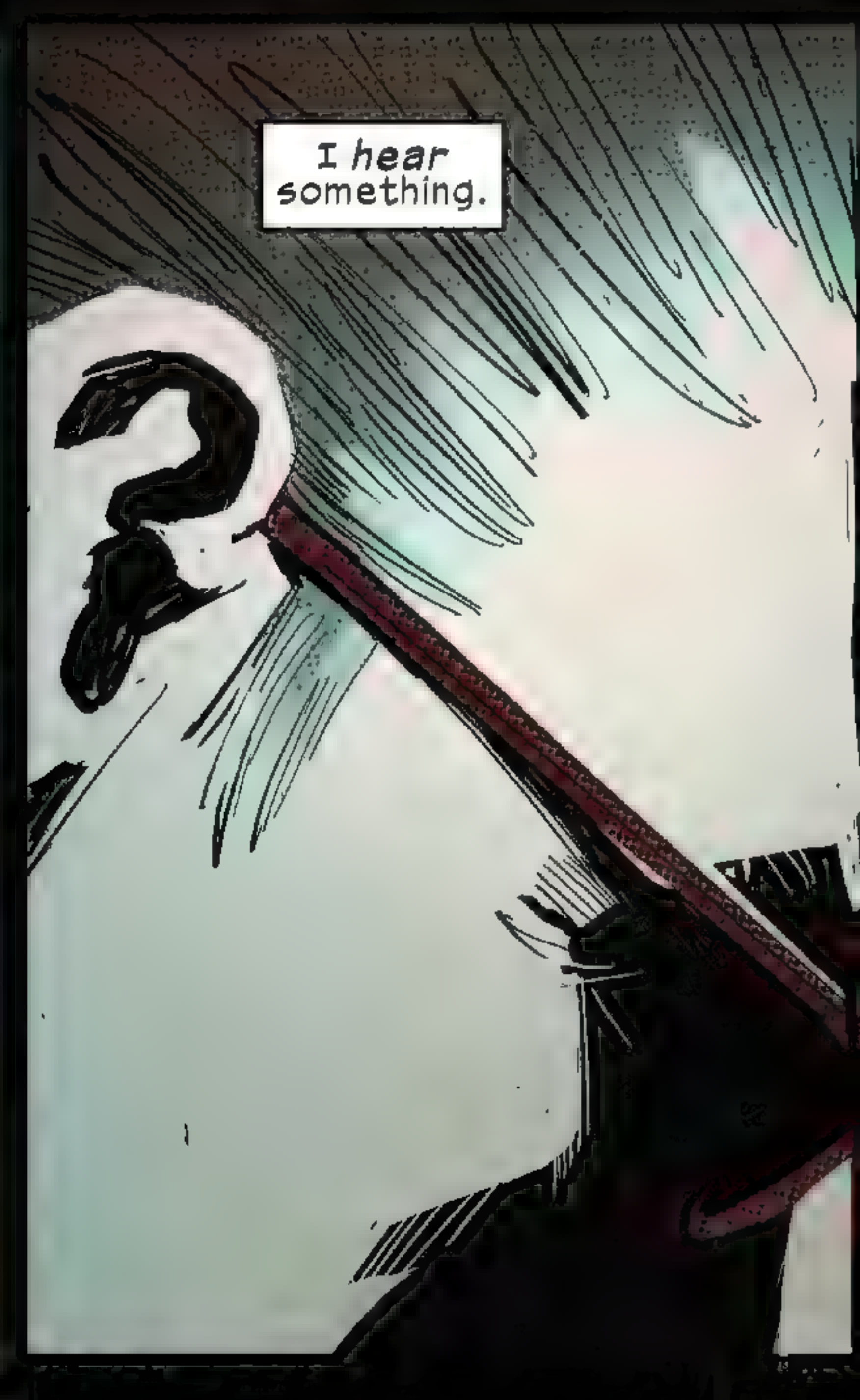
SURE. WE MOSTLY WORK WITH THEIR HEAD OF SECURITY. HE USED TO BE ON THE FORCE, ACTUALLY. WHY?

CALL HIM. I HAVE A FEELING ALL OF THESE PEOPLE WILL TURN OUT TO BE INHUMANS.

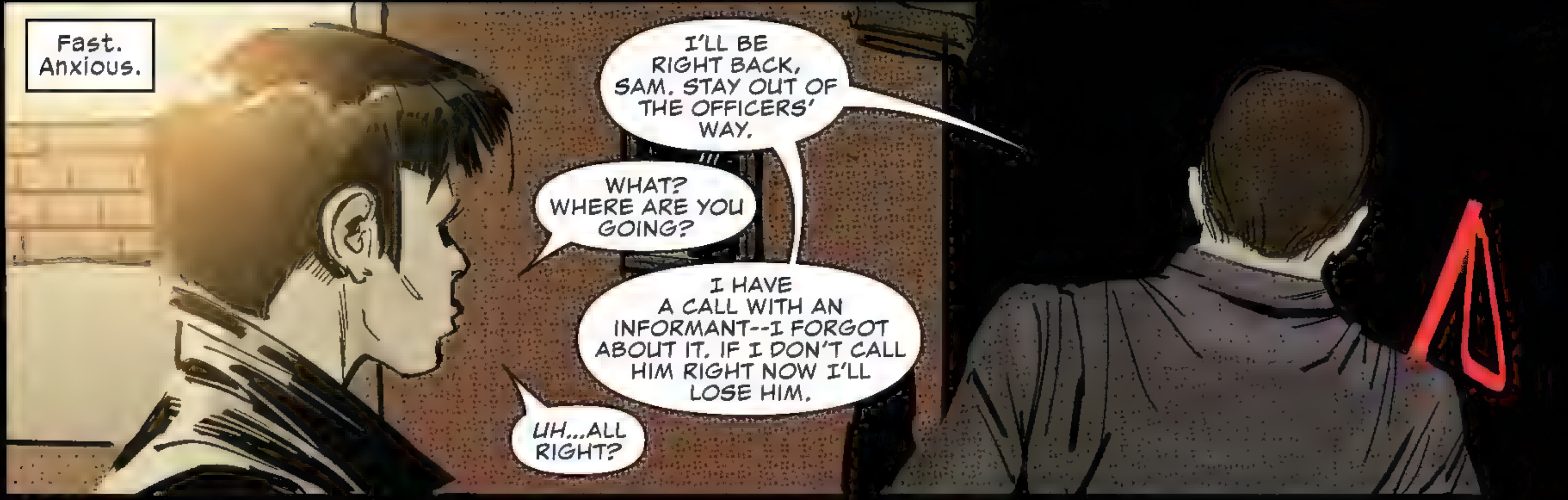


THIS...TABLEAU. IT'S LIKE WHOEVER MADE IT IS MAKING A JOKE, OR SOME KIND OF PUERILE POINT. 'INHUMANS ARE HUMANS, TOO.' I THINK--

Wait.



I hear something.



Every half-baked cop show likes to trot out the idea that criminals return to the scenes of their crimes.

Not true. Ask any cop. Criminals aren't idiots. Even the dumb ones aren't *that* dumb.

The exception is arsonists--they come back. Or, rather, they don't leave.

They like to watch the burn.

But this guy isn't a criminal. Or at least, he doesn't see himself that way.

He's an artist.

That...*thing* he made down there... it's one of his *works*, unveiled for the first time.

So now...he needs to know one thing. He has to know. It's why he's here, watching, sweaty and anxious, heart pounding.





**YOU WANT TO KNOW  
WHAT HAPPENS *NEXT?***



**DON'T  
MISS**

***DAREDEVIL* #12**

WRITE TO US AT [MONDOMARVEL@MARVEL.COM](mailto:MONDOMARVEL@MARVEL.COM) AND MARK IT "OK TO PRINT".

